

Alpha's Nala Chapter 12 -

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Chapter 12. Marina

Legaxy

There are two things I love about Ms. Dawn...

One is her sense of CREATIVITY towards work, which I honestly envy and admire at the same time.

Why?

Well, her mind, unlike any other human being existing in this world, is like a 'tree'. Whenever it grows and branches out, extraordinary and beneficial things happened everywhere:

Like, incredible ideas to a plan are born; making things easy for the Sales and Marketing department to advertise, Food and Beverage section to program events, and for the Culinary office to make exquisite menus.

Or how about, unexpected but significant explanations to an issue are developed and hence justified; earning an easy way out for the Revenue and Reservations personnel from indecisive booking topics, Front Office team from customer complaints, Accounting staff from payment refunds, and Housekeeping crew from room switching crisis.

Not to mention, unusual yet effective solutions to a problem are formulated and well-carried out after; helping to achieve results for the Human Resource department in terms of employee selection, Sports and Leisure regarding lively and entertaining activities, Security division honoring property and personnel safety, Information Technology office relating to data and computer equipment, and the Engineering section concerning on the repair and maintenance.

I know, that's a lot to take in, right?

But impossible as it seems, Ms. Dawn prefers it that way; the messier, the better she always says. And believe it or not, she treats it like a game and never gets tired of handling all of it.

She's basically always on the go — just like Harry said...

Real talk though, I'm only 21 but I can't even make a minor decision on what coffee flavor to drink at 3 pm — coffee break at the hotel, or what casual attire to wear that would go with my mood for the day.

While for Ms. Dawn, she just took a glance at it, analyze it for a couple of seconds, and then, like a quick snap of a finger, a decision has been officially made — it's particularly, a DONE and NEXT pace.

Nevertheless, she's a genius in a creative and imaginative way.

And to think that she's pure human... See why I adore her that much now?

And two, her sense of HUMOR...

Didn't expect that, haven't you?

(Smiling internally)

But yes, you heard me right. Ms. Dawn, behind the hard and serious exterior of a Queen boss, is a cheerful and genuine funny lady.

She's amazingly witty and tends to joke around when boredom strikes her. However, depending on the level of tedium she has, her jests could go from hilariously silly, to real crazy.

Don't worry though, she doesn't have any psycho background or something — a perfectly stable woman...

Besides that, she's also a huge tease, and do listen when I say be careful with that side of her. Especially, when you're a hot-headed individual.

Why is that, again?

You see, when she ultimately finds the perfect moment to pester and victim to poke fun at, she never stops then. She'll pick on you until you cry your eyes out, get mad, or totally turn a darker shade of red from embarrassment.

I know, so cruel of her, but that's basically her happiness so might as well accept it.

And by means of 'accept it', I mean by 'me' — since I'm the favorite person in terms of entertainment...

Sure, it was very annoying at first but as time went by, I found myself enjoying the humor until I, shockingly, learned to tag along.

Still, I have my boundaries.

Especially if I truly want to FOCUS on work and FINISH the task on hand; much too similar to what I REALLY want to happen right now.

Though Ms. Dawn, as playful as she was, had other ideas — and yes, she's the distraction I was talking about...

It started with me and briefly glancing at the clock.

5:00 pm, I discovered.

Supposed to be the end of my shift, but I found myself not caring and just be fully engrossed in work.

In fact, I was too focused on the job that I didn't even notice Ms. Dawn's joyful presence beside my work area.

She had to clear her throat, twice, to get my full attention...

Hearing the second grunt, I finally perked up my head from my labor and set my alert eyes on Ms. Dawn, who was standing beside her glass office door, a cup of coffee — or tea maybe, in her hand, and a sly grin on her face.

"Rain seems to be having a blast," She finally commented, sipping her cup.

Realizing that she must have been eavesdropping — typical Ms. Dawn, I narrowed my eyes at her suspiciously before nodding my head in agreement.

"Ah huh, she does." I conceded, eyes still looking at her questioningly.

Her lips formed a silly pout upon hearing my response. Then, she looked at the door where Rain exited a moment ago and unexpectedly, zoned out — I saw her eyes were distant as if she was someplace else.

Believing she will not ponder on the subject anymore, I shrugged her existence from my senses and shifted my focus back on the chore on hand.

I didn't get the chance to finish reading the first stanza of one of the business notes when Ms. Dawn spoke up again.

This time, I caught a glimpse of her slowly walking closer towards me...

"Don't you wanna go with her? I mean, no offense about the virginity talk — and yup, I've eavesdropped, not guilty about it though," — Of course she did that I rolled my eyes — "but I think the witch's right about you... involve some fun in your life. It's healthier that way. Besides, going to different bars every night can't satisfy your sensual needs —" She said but I quickly interrupted her.

“Woah, Woah, Woah hold your rainbow horses there.” I raised my head again to scowl at Ms. Dawn, “Boss, you do know I’m a singer... I only SING at those pubs. Clearly, I DON’T do sin.” I explained, sternly.

Listening to this, Ms. Dawn bit her red lips to stop the mischievous smile from forming on her face. Yet, much to my annoyance, she still ended up laughing anyway.

“I was just messing with you darling, don’t take it so seriously.” She quit laughing long enough to speak. “I do know you are a virgin because if not, the doctor from the medical checkups should have said something to me by now.” She added, winking at me.

Hearing that, my eyes grew wide from horror, and was about to protest when she started to laugh loudly again.

Oh, great!

My boss decided to misbehave, and wants to end Friday in a teasing way; Guess BOREDOM hit her hard on the head.

Surely, there was no problem with kidding around now, knowing it’s the end of a work shift. And like I mentioned before, Boss loves to disturb when bored and I can’t easily escape it, even if I tried to. The only thing wrong here was that I’m not interested.

Remember: Two stacks of paperwork needed my attention, at the very second. TWO STACKS, and here we are bantering at each other.

LOVELY TIMING, isn’t it? Note the sarcasm, please.

“Ha, good one Boss,” I muttered, resisting the urge to do another eye roll.

Ms. Dawn, knowing the hidden mockery of my tone, playfully glared at me.

“You’re no fun nowadays, Ms. Secretary,” She pouted once more. “To be honest though, if you were that kind of gal like Rain, you will be by far the prettiest.” She, all of a sudden, commented.

That abrupt remark didn’t do good to my cheeks because I felt it burning red hot at the moment. However, it didn’t last long when I realized what she meant about Rain.

I frowned at her.

“Boss, Rain is not a prostitute. She’s just —” I defended.

“I know, I know. Don’t get your panties all defensive, Dyme. Geez...” Ms. Dawn interrupted with a scoff, rolling her light blue eyes. “I do understand that she’s just overly

expressive with the little amount of clothing she put on, blah blah blah. But still, she looks like one, and I'm not taking that back." She added with an attitude.

My frown deepened.

"That's not nice." I cried, "But when you ask me, I rather use the word 'Free-spirited' for her. Since she always wanted to be free..." I added the last part in a mumble, mostly to myself, as my eyes slowly went back to the pile.

Ms. Dawn became silent, maybe speechless, then.

Guess she heard me, and that's good.

Well, honestly, no one knew about Rain's reason for possessing that sense of style. To her defense, she never did tell anyone about it — except me. So, logically, a lot will judge her for it.

Still, why the need to criticize her for that?

Rain, like any living being in this world, was just looking for a way to survive life; trying to push through an unending fear, and move on from a traumatized past.

She's just striving to be strong for heaven's sake!

But no, people still had the brains to condemn her like she ever committed a brutal crime... Clear foolishness.

Now that I thought about it, I made a promise to Rain regarding this. That everything should be kept as a secret and only the little witch and I knew about it... A well-guarded secret and you all know me when it comes to keeping personal things private — I protect it with my own life.

That's why I decided, I will not explain anything to Ms. Dawn — for now.

Yup! Should keep my mouth shut for a while...

Surprisingly, Ms. Dawn kept quiet and the silence grew in the room. I didn't bother to further evaluate the situation and just quickly assumed that she had left me all alone.

So, I kept on working...

All of a sudden, I heard her stiletto heels moving a little closer to my area.

"Freedom, huh? Everybody wants that... But, you and I both know that in this world full of myths and magic, not all could obtain such a thing that easily." Ms. Dawn said,

breaking the stillness that covered the office, “Let alone, have it for free. Ironic, right? Freedom, the only thing that is not for ‘free’.” She added.

I didn’t say anything; I was baffled by the thought she had described.

Noticing my confusion, I heard Ms. Dawn let out a soft sigh.

“Okay, so that fun Rain was talking about,” She said, quickly changing the subject, “Do you ever think about that? You know, going out and just be young, dumb, and somewhat, free?”

I snorted — Seth’s red eyes flashed inside my brain.

“I’m good, Boss. Don’t worry about it.” I assured her, with no intention of peeking in her direction.

“Pity... Must be a strict world for you.” She stated, sounding a little close now.

I only shrugged my shoulders, dismissing her remark. I just then tried to concentrate fully on the job.

Keyword: TRIED... Thanks to Ms. Dawn.

I heard her sigh once again, and this time in a dramatic manner. Also noted a chair being dragged at the second.

“You know, I see myself on you 20 plus years from now. Being 45 and SINGLE and BORING, and ALONE, maybe.” She emphasized.

Instead of ‘tagging along’ with her usual teasing, I found myself frozen on my seat.

Wait...

Did she say ‘Single’ ?□□□□□□